

Letters

by Bellana

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Summary: With Tom in a coma and B'Elanna with a fatal disease

Letters

> <meta name="Author"> Letters
>By: Bellana <p>Summary: Tom is seriously wounded and left in a coma in sick bay. B'Elanna has contracted a fatal alien disease. To keep in touch with Tom, B'Elanna writes letters to him, and a new crew member. <p>

The lovely disclaimer: Hey all, guess what!!! Paramount owns Tom and B'Elanna and Janeway and all them!!! Bet ya' didn't know that, but now ya' do!!! Another thing I bet ya' didn't know is that Amanda is totally MY creation!!! (Actually, she's based on my friend...) Oh, and the song that comes later on in the story is "Because You Love Me" sung by Celine Dion. I don't know who owns the song, but I need ta' make sure I mention that so I won't get sued or somethin'. Now that you all know who owns who, get on with reading the story!!!

Author's Note: Just need ta' say 'YO' to my awesome friend, Amanda, who makes an appearance in this story, although not quite as she would expect (heh heh heh) Oh, yeah, and about the story itself, assume that Tom and B'Elanna have been married for...hmmm...let's say six months.
>On with the story!!! <p>

Letters

B'Elanna looked at the pale figure laying on the bio bed next to hers. She couldn't believe that the man laying there was the same man who had been laughing with her just a few hours ago. How had he slipped from being Tom Paris: Voyager's best helmsman, and her personal pig, to being Tom Paris: Voyager's own vegetable?
> "B'Elanna," the holodocor said, striding perposfully into the room. "I need to talk to you."
 "Shoot," she said, still looking

saddly at Tom.

> "I'm afraid I have bad news..."

> B'Elanna stared at Tom blankly. *How could this be happening?* she asked herself. *I can't lose Tom, and he can't lose me.* She didn't even realize someone else had entered sickbay untill she felt a gentle hand on her arm. Startled, she looked up to see Captain Kathryn Janeway's concerned face.
 "How's he doing?" she asked gently, sitting beside B'Elanna on the bio bed.

> B'Elanna just shook her head. It was obvious he wasn't going to make it, but she didn't want to say it out loud. The Captain understood, but B'Elanna was looking too sad to be upset only about Tom. "B'Elanna, what's wrong?"
 B'Elanna looked at the captain with tearfilled eyes, and explained the whole story to her...

>*****

 "And...and...the doc said...said unless a miracle happens...it's...it's...it's..." B'Elanna couldn't say it. She couldn't say that the disease was incurable. She broke down, sobbing. Janeway held B'Elanna in a hug. *Poor B'Elanna,* she thought to herself, *First her husband goes into a coma, now she finds out she has a fatal disease? This isn't good.* Finally, B'Elanna's tears subsided. She sat up and wiped her eyes embarasedly. "I'm sorry, Captain. I should..."

> "It's perfectly alright, B'Elanna," Janeway said soothingly.
 "You won't tell anybody, will you?" B'Elanna pleaded, "Not even Chakotay?"

> Janeway promised her she wouldn't, "This is something they need to hear from you."
 Suddenly, the doors to sickbay slid open, allowing the young ensign Harry Kim to walk in hurridly to see his two best friends.

> "Hey, B'Elanna," he greeted one of his friends, then he noticed the captain, "Hello, Captain."
 "Hello, Harry," Janeway looked at B'Elanna, she looked like she wanted to talk to Kim alone. "I've got to get back to the bridge. Excuse me," The Captain got up and walked out of sickbay.

> "Is something wrong, B'Elanna?" Harry asked, noting the hollow expression on his friend's face. "Is it Tom?"
 "No...yes...well, it's kind of complicated," the engineer stamered.

> Kim sat down next to her and reassuringly took her hand in his, "I've got all the time you need to tell me about it."
 "You know the planet where...where...the cave-in happened? Oh, of course you do. Seems I've contracted some sort of disease from the planet. And, according to the doc, it's incurable," B'Elanna rushed, stumbling over her words. "And now, it looks like Tom's never going to recover." She was horrified, had she actually just said that? That Tom wasn't going to make it? *But it's true, isn't it, B'Elanna,* she told herself ruefully, *You're never going to see his smile, his laughing eyes, or hear his warm voice again.*

> "Oh, my god," Harry managed to stammer out. "Who else knows?"
 "Only the captain," was B'Elanna's response. "I probably only have 10 months left to live, and...there's another thing you might be interested in knowing, although it's horrible timing..." she trailed off, "I'm going to be a mother."

> Harry's horror melted into joy, "My god, B'Elanna! That's great! How long have you known? Does the captain know too?"
 B'Elanna felt a smile tugging at her lips with Harry's excitment, "I've only known for about an hour, and I was too depressed to tell the captain

when she was here, so, you're the first to know."

> Harry took one of Tom's pale white, "Hear that, buddy? You're going to be a father!" Harry looked over at B'Elanna, who looked totally bewildered at her friend talking to her unconscious husband. He smiled, "I was reading one of Tom's medical padds. It said something that even though somebody may be unconscious, they can still hear you. You didn't know that?"
 Without answering, B'Elanna took Tom's free hand and leaned close to his ear, whispering to him. Deciding maybe it'd be best to leave the two of them alone, Harry got up and left sickbay.

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 B'Elanna had practically moved into sickbay permanently. Not only did the doctor want to keep her under constant surveillance, but B'Elanna refused to leave Tom's side. She talked to Tom almost constantly, talking until her throat was sore. One day, after Chakotay had heard her whispering hoarsely, he'd suggested she write out letters to Tom, and her child, who would be due in approximately eight months. B'Elanna took him up on the offer, and had been writing letters to both of them everyday.

>
Stardate 95327.9

>Dear Tom,
You've been unconscious for almost a month now. You should know you have visitors everyday. Harry comes in everytime he gets off duty, and any time he can't sleep (which has been alot lately.) The Captain comes in at least once a day, and so does Chakotay and the rest of the crew. I don't know if you can hear them, but they all want you to come back to us soon, they want you to meet your daughter. Yes, the doctor confirmed it today, unless you awake before she's born, I'm going to name her Amanda. All of the crew knows you'll be a fantastic father. I know you will be too, but you have to come back, Tom! Come back to me, please.

>I love you, Tom
Love, B'Elanna.

Stardate 95327.9

>Dear Amanda,
I'm not sure what to say to you, Amanda. I just found out you'd be a beautiful girl today. Maybe I should tell you a little about myself, in case you don't have a chance to meet me.

>I don't know yet how much you are going to look like me, or your father or if you'll act like either of us. I'm half Klingon, if you turn out to have ridges on your forehead, you can thank me and your grandmother for them. But don't ever be ashamed of your heritage, alright Amanda? I've been ashamed of my heritage for a long time, even trying to hide it when I was a girl, but being Klingon, even just a quarter Klingon, like you, is a wonderful thing. You'll be very strong, and may even have a bit of a temper, but be careful not to let that get you into trouble.
Now, about your father. If you inherit blue eyes or blond hair, that would be from your father. Your father and I...we've had a very unique relationship. He used to be a stubborn pig, and now, although he's still stubborn, he's one of the sweetest men I've ever known.

>I doubt you'll ever have a chance to meet your father though. About a month ago, the two of us were on an away mission together. We were exploring a cave when it suddenly caved in. I managed to escape with minor injuries, but your father wasn't as lucky. He's been in a coma for a month. And although I wasn't harmed by the cave-in, the planet left it's mark on me. I've contracted a fatal virus, according to the doctor, I have only 9 months now left to live. Just enough time to see you, I hope.
I love you, Amanda.

>Your Mother, B'Elanna Torres <p>

B'Elanna laid her two latest letters in the growing pile next to her bio bed. Every day she wrote out at least one letter to her husband and daughter, no matter how tired she was. If she had alot to say, she often wrote more. The doctor began to chide her on this, saying she was using up too much precious energy, that it wasn't good for Amanda, but she ignored him. Would it be good for Amanda to never know her mother?

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 Seven of Nine placidly walked into sick bay, it was time for the doctor to examine her again. She glanced over at a crowd around two of the bio beds. She knew from past visits that the two beds were for Lieutenants Tom Paris and B'Elanna Torres, but she had never seen such a crowd around the two beds. She allowed curriosity to get the best of her and walked over to the crowd.

> "Is something wrong?" Seven asked Chakotay, who was standing next to her.
 "It seems Tom may have taken a turn for the worst," he told her quietly. Seven looked at the bio bed where Paris laid. He looked much paler and more frail than he had before. His skin was a pasty white, and his hair clung damply to his skull. B'Elanna was holding his hand tightly, near tears, while the doctor ran a tricorder over him and asked a nurse for various medicines.

> After a few moments of silent, the doctor looked up, "He's stable again," he informed the worried on lookers. B'Elanna looked like she was about to faint from relief. "Now, I'm going to have to insist all of you leave. Ms. Torres needs her rest and she can't get that when every one is loitering here," the doctor looked at Seven, as if seeing her for the first time, "If you'll follow me, Seven, we can get to your exam."

> The next month proceeded quietly. Tom's condition was stable, although it still wasn't likely that he'd come out of his coma. B'Elanna's disease was making her weaker and weaker. Sometimes she had to ask Harry or another visiting crew member to write her letters for her, she didn't have the strength to lift a padd. <p>

Stardate 106982.3

>Dear Tom,
I'm having Harry write this out for me, I can't lift the PADD. The disease has begun to take a visible toll on me. My skin is pale and just hangs on my bones I've gotten so thin. My hair's begining to fall out...but if you get this letter, don't remember me that way. Remember me...on our wedding night, say. Or the day we first met. I've attached a picture to this message to emphasise how I want to be remembered. Not some frail person laying on a bio bed, but a strong, lively woman.

>The disease doesn't seem to have affected Amanda. The Doctor scans her everyday between trying to find a cure and helping other crew members who've been injured.
I'm not the only one writing letters anymore. Every member of the crew has written at least one letter to you. Even when we're being attacked by some alien or another, there's usually another peson in here, either delivering a letter, or talking to you. I'm laughing as I tell Harry this, but even Tuvok has written a few letters. I can't imagine what they say, I haven't read any of the letters given to you, except when the writer has asked me to read their letter.

>Hey, I've got fantastic news. You wouldn't believe who just got

engaged! The Captain and Chakotay! The wedding will be in about 5 months, wake up before then, Tom! Chakotay wants you to be his best man, and you can't be his best man if you're a vegetable!
I love you, whether you're a salad or not.
>Love,
B'Elanna

Stardate 106982.3

>Dear Amanda,
You're going to be here in about 6 months, I can't wait! Neither can the rest of the crew. Everytime a crew member comes in, even if it wasn't their original reason, they come over to say hi to you. They all feel like they're your aunt or uncle. You're going to have a big family!

>The Doctor says my disease hasn't harmed you in any way. You're still going to be a big, beautiful girl, with a large, loving family.

I love you.

>Love,
Your Mother, B'Elanna.

Harry set the PADD on the table next to B'Elanna's bed. Sometimes he felt a little awkward writing B'Elanna's letters for her, but she was one of his best friends, he couldn't say no.

> "Thanks, Harry," B'Elanna said weakly once he had set down the PADD.
 "No problem. What are friends for?" he said, taking her thin hand. "How're you feeling?"

> She groaned, "Awful. But, hey, I'm alive, and Amanda's alive, and Tom's alive, all my friends are alive and visit me regularly. What more could I ask for?"
 A miracle. Harry thought to himself. He smiled at B'Elanna, "Not much. I've got to get to the bridge before my shift starts. I'll come back later."

> "Bye, Harry."

> Janeway hurried into sickbay. She had just a few minutes before she had to be on the Bridge, but seeing B'Elanna was more important than getting to the bridge early.
 She walked over to the bed she had visited daily for three months. She set down the PADD she had brought with her on a table nearby and turned to talk to B'Elanna. But the half Klingon engineer was taking a much needed rest. She turned and began to walk quietly out of Sickbay, not wanting to disturb her.

> "Captain?" a weak voice from behind her asked. Janeway turned around and began to walk back to B'Elanna.
 "It's Kathryn, remember? You don't need to be so formal," Janeway chided.

> B'Elanna smiled weakly, "Alright, Kathryn. Do you have a moment? I need to talk to you."
 Kathryn sat down in the chair that was next to her bed, "I have as long as you need."

> "I've been thinking alot lately, and I've realized that Amanda's going to need a place to stay if neither Tom or I make it. I know it's alot to ask of you and Chakotay, but would you take care of her?"
 Kathryn smiled at her chief engineer. "I'd be happy to take care of her, and I'm more than positive that Chakotay will be more than willing too. And if he's not, I'll simply pull rank on him," she said with a laugh.

> B'Elanna smiled at the Captain, not at Kathryn. Her friend. "Thank you, Kathryn. I know you'll take excellent care of her."
 Janeway smiled, "But only if I need to. Don't start thinking that you're going to die. Not just yet. Same with Tom. The doctor's working night and day helping both of you. You have to make a full recovery."

> "I'll remember that."
 After giving B'Elanna a reassuring smile, the pressures of being a Star Fleet captain came rushing back to her, and she made her way towards the bridge.

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 Five months later, B'Elanna was out of Sickbay for the first time since Tom had gone into his coma. She stepped back and looked at the tall figure in the beautiful white gown standing in front of her. The figure spun around, allowing B'Elanna and the other women in the room to see the entire dress, "What do you think?"
> B'Elanna was the first to speak, "You look angelic, Kathryn."
 Voyager's Captain blushed, and opened her mouth to disagree, but Samantha Wildman cut her off, "B'Elanna's right, Captain. You're gonna knock 'em dead."
> Even Seven nodded her approval of the Captain's dress. *A highly impractical outfit,* she thought to herself *but it is beautiful.*

 B'Elanna, Samantha and Seven inspected their dresses in the full length mirror. B'Elanna was wearing a sapphire blue, off the shoulder velvet maid of honor dress. Samantha and Seven were wearing their matching lavender satin bridesmaids dresses.
> Kathryn inspected the female members of her wedding party in amusement. Seven looked puzzled, trying to figure out the purpose of such a fancy outfit. Samantha Wildman looked estatic in her gown, B'Elanna looked like she was about to faint. It could have been an effect from her disease, or maybe she had never worn such a beautiful gown before. Or maybe it was the extra weight of Amanda. Maybe, maybe,maybe. She just hoped her chief engineer was alright.
 "Come on, ladies. I can't be late for my own wedding," Janeway said as she walked towards the door of her quarters, followed by her maid of honor and her two bridesmaids.

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 Stardate 218952.5
>Dear Tom,
Kathryn's and Chokotay's wedding was fantastic. The location had been kept secret untill we walked into the holodeck, so all of us, except Kathryn and Chakotay, were amazed. We were standing on a cliff overlooking a beautiful teal ocean at sunset. I don't know if it was based on a fictional place, or if it was created from Kathryn's and Chakotay's imaginations. No matter what, it was beautiful. I'm attaching pictures of the scene to this letter. Some of the pictures have me in them, don't I look simply awful? I was not meant to wear sapphire. Navy, maybe, but sapphire? No. Plus my stomache was about the size of a runabout--not that that's a bad thing. Amanda's as healthy as ever, and she's kicking hard! She's a very fiesty girl, I just hope she doesn't kick me over!
>Love,
B'Elanna

Stardate 218952.5
>Dear Amanda,
Your Aunt Kathryn and Uncle Chakotay were married today, it was a beautiful wedding, I'm sure you would have loved it. Now the dress I had to wear...that's another story. I'm sure your father would have loved me in it, he would have loved me in anything. And Aunt Kathryn thought I looked beautiful, but I wasn't meant for sapphire. I'm a dark-colors kind of person. But, since I'm sure one day you'll enjoy seeing your mother suffer in uncomfortable clothes, I've attached pictures of me, your newly married aunt and uncle, and the holodeck prgram they chose for the ceremony. It's not a real place, as far as I know, you'll have to ask Kathryn and Chakotay sometime for me.
>Love,
Your Mother, B'Elanna.

>*****

 "Computer, activate EMH!" B'Elanna shouted between gasps.

> "Please state the nature of the medical emergency," The Doctor stated as he shimmered into existence.
 "I'm in labor you stupid hologram!" she shouted.

> The Doctor scanned her with a tricorder, "Yes, you are correct."
 Damn him, she thought to herself *he can be as infuriating as Tuvok!*

> A few hours later, the Doctor placed a screaming, but healthy, baby girl in B'Elanna's arms. "Congratulations, Lieutenant, you're the mother of a healthy baby girl."
 B'Elanna grinned through her tears. No longer would she have to write letters or talk to a being inside her ever growing stomach, but a living, breathing, baby girl who she could hold in her arms.

> B'Elanna looked over at Tom's still unconscious figure, and her tears of joy became tears of sadness. Her dear, beloved husband, Tom Paris, would most likely never hold their baby daughter in his arms. Although...no, she must have been imagining it. Although she could have sworn she saw a flicker of movement on Tom's face.
 B'Elanna turned back to her daughter, "Could you contact the Captain, Chakotay and Harry for me? Just ask them to come to sickbay, don't tell them why."

> "Of course," the Doctor said, smiling at the new mother and Voyager's latest crew edition.
 A few minutes later, Captain Janeway, Commander Chakotay and Ensign Kim ran into sickbay, all fearing the worst, but identical grins spread across their faces when they saw the baby in B'Elanna's arms.

> Kathryn was the first to speak, "Congratulations, B'Elanna," she walked closer so she could get a good look at the girl, "She's absolutely beautiful."
 B'Elanna nodded, "Yes. She is." Her gaze never left the peacefully sleeping infant.

> Beside her, B'Elanna heard the what sounded like someone waking up after a long night's sleep. She broke her gaze from her daughter and stared in awe at Tom's figure next to her. "TOM!" she shouted, waking her daughter. While Amanda was wailing, B'Elanna shouted for the EMH. "Get over here! Tom's waking up!"
 The doctor rushed over and started scanning Tom. Voyager's helmsman opened his eyes, and the first sight he had seen in nine months was his wife, B'Elanna Torres.

> "B'Elanna..." he croaked.
 She bent over him and put a finger to his lips, "Sh, Tom. There's somebody I want you to meet." Carefully, she lifted the newborn Amanda so Tom could see her, "Amanda Kay Torres-Paris."

> Tom looked confused for a moment, then smiled weakly. "How old?" he managed to croak out.
 "Only a few minutes," B'Elanna said quietly.

> Tom closed his eyes contently, "I love you, B'Elanna. And I love you, Amanda Kay Torres-Paris." They were the last words he ever said.
 "Tom?" B'Elanna practically whispered. "Tom?"

> "I'm sorry, Ms. Torres." The Doctor informed her.
 "NO!" B'Elanna shouted, not caring if it upset her daughter. "Dammit, Tom! You can't do this to me!"

> Kathryn, Chakotay and Harry tried to console the hysterical engineer. "He got to see his daughter. And he was able to tell both of you he loved you. That has to be the best goodbye one can receive," Harry told his friend.
 B'Elanna was bent over on the bio bed she had called home for the last nine months, her head in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably. Kathryn was holding Amanda, trying to

stop her crying before she awoke half the ship.

> "But...but...but..." B'Elanna stammered.
 "Sh, now, B'Elanna," Chakotay told her. "You've got Amanda to think about now. Besides, Tom had a chance to say goodbye, and the last thing he saw was your and Amanda's smiling faces. He's happy now, and I'm sure he wouldn't want to see you like this."

> B'Elanna wiped away her tears, "Yeah, I guess you're right. Besides, I'm setting a bad example for Amanda."
 Janeway walked back over to the trio, seeing that B'Elanna had calmed down, "You want her back?"

> B'Elanna looked like she wanted to say yes, but instead offered Chakotay and Harry the chance. "She has to get to know two of her mother's closest friends, doesn't she?"
 Harry was the first to hold her. Chakotay made some excuse about having plenty of chances to hold her later. B'Elanna secretly suspected that he was scared of holding her wrong and wanted to see how Harry held the girl.

> "She's perfect," Harry said while he held Amanda, sleeping peacefully.
 Chakotay leaned over his shoulder to get a good look at Amanda. She had just the slightest hint of blond hair. Her skin was fairly dark, and she had just the slightest hint of ridges on her forehead. "She looks like you, B'Elanna."

> B'Elanna smiled shyly. "Except for the hair. My hair will never look like that in a thousand years," she stroked her daughter's fine blond hair carefully, "but it's just like Tom's." Her three closest friends nodded in silent agreement.

>Captain's Personal Log, Stardate 984512.1
The funeral for one of Voyager's most valued officers is tomorrow. It's been three days since she died. Exactly one month and one week after Voyager lost Tom Paris, B'Elanna Torres also died, leaving her beautiful daughter, Amanda Kay Torres-Paris in Chakotay's and My care.

>Although Amanda is barely a month old, she already shares many of the characteristics of her parents. She has Tom's winning smile and his blond curls, but she has her mother's determination, eyes and temper.
While Tom was in his coma, I'd made it a habit to write a letter to him almost everyday, in hopes that he'd be able to read them someday. Although I know that Tom won't be able to read the letters now, a habit is a hard thing to break. And I'm going to start writing to B'Elanna too. Maybe they are able to see what the subjects of the letters are about first hand, but even if they can, I want to continue writing to them, and I plan on introducing Amanda to the idea as soon as she's old enough.

Kathryn sat back in her chair at her desk and glanced over at the couch and almost laughed. There, Chakotay had fallen asleep with a smiling Amanda in his arms. At the sound of Janeway's giggle, the girl woke up and looked at her surrogate mother. Before the girl could start to cry, she lifted Amanda out of Chakotay's arms and carried her to her crib in the bedroom.

> But Amanda didn't want to sleep. She wanted to stay up and play with Kathryn. So, although it was nearly 0100, Janeway began to sing a lullaby her mother had sung to her when she was a little girl. It wasn't originally a lullaby, but it had been one of the Captain's favorite songs when she was a little girl. <p>

"For all those times you stood by me.

>For all the truth that you made me see.
For all the joy you brought to my life,

>For all the wrongs that you made right.
For every dream you made

come true,
>For all the love I found in you,
I'll be forever thankful
baby...
>You're the one who helped me up, never let me fall.
You're the
one who helped me through, Through it all.

"You were my strength when I was weak
>You were my voice when I couldn't speak.
You were my eyes when I
couldn't see,
>You saw the best there was in me.
Lifted me up when I couldn't
reach,
>You gave me faith 'cause you believed.
I'm everything I am,
because you loved me..."

Janeway trailed off as she lay Amanda down in her crib, fully asleep.
"You're a beautiful singer," a voice from behind her said.
> Kathryn turned around, startled, "Oh, Chakotay. I'm not that good,
it's just an old song my mother used to sing to me when I was a
girl."
 "You're mother had impeccable taste in songs. What are you
doing up so late?"
> "Couldn't sleep."
 "Thinking about B'Elanna?"
> Janeway looked at her husband with bright eyes, "I don't know how
I'm going to keep my composure at her funeral tomorrow."
 "Then
don't."
> "But I'm the captain. I have to keep my composure..."
 "You're
also human. And when a human loses a close friend, they're upset. God
knows I'm just barely making it through this. I doubt I'll make it
through tomorrow's--or should I say today's?--service."
> Kathryn looked down at the sleeping figure in the crib. "Do you
think we should take her with us?"
 Chakotay nodded, "I think
it's important that she attend. B'Elanna took her with her to Tom's
funeral, I'm sure she'd want us to take her to her's."
> Janeway nodded silently, not trusting her voice. "Come on, you need
to go to bed," Chakotay said, leading her to her side of their bed.
Janeway nodded in mute agreement and allowed Chakotay to lead her to
bed.

>6 years later...
Stardate 7896513.6

>Dear Mommy,
Hi, I'm Amanda, or Andy as Aunt Kathryn and Uncle
Chakotay call me. I've never written to you before, and I don't know
what I should say. Uncle Chakotay says I should write what's in my
heart. But how do I do that?

>I don't remember meeting you in person, but Aunt Kathryn says I knew
you for a month before you died, and every once in awhile, when I
dream at night, I see what I think is your face, but the dreams pass
too fast.
Aunt Kathryn is looking over my shoulder and says I
should tell you about myself and what I look like. I have, what Aunt
Kathryn says, is 'Honey Brown' hair. I wear it in the same style you
did, just to my shoulders. I have blue eyes and just a hint of
forehead ridges. In one of your letters to me, you told me never to
be ashamed of my heritage, and I'm not. I like my ridges, they set me
apart from the other kids on Voyager.

>Uncle Chakotay says that I act alot like both you and Daddy. He says
my sense of humor is just like Daddy's, and my smile is like his too.
He also says I have a fierce temper like you. I don't know if it's
like yours, but I know I have one. Uncle Chakotay keeps trying to get
me to 'Use words instead of fists', but when somebody makes me mad,
it's easier just to hit 'em.
Oh, Aunt Kathryn wants me to be sure
to tell you that Carey is taking very good care of your engines. I

like Carey, he's funny. He comes and plays with me and B'Elanna sometimes.

>I didn't tell you, did I? Aunt Kathryn and Uncle Chakotay had a baby a few weeks ago! They named her B'Elanna Kes. Kes because of somebody I never met, and B'Elanna 'cause of you! They say that if they have another baby and it's a boy, his name's gonna be Tom, like Daddy. I call her 'Anna' 'cause it's easier, and to make sure I don't get you two confused.
Uncle Chakotay says I should tell ya' about some of my other friends. I play with Naomi Wildman once in awhile, but she's older than me, and I only see her at school. One of my bestest friends is Seven. She's lots of fun. Aunt Kathryn and Uncle Chakotay tell me she wasn't always fun, and that you and her didn't always get along, but I think they're exaggerating. Who couldn't like Seven?

>Aunt Kathryn says I have to do my homework now. I'll write to you later, Mommy.
Love,

>Amanda Kay Torres-Paris

>So, how'd ya' like my first piece of Star Trek fan fiction??? Tell me at cmdrb@yahoo.com All comments and constructive criticism are welcome. Flames will be used at my next camp fire. <p>

End
file.